

To Whom It May Concern

I hear the Chorovaya Akademia
in your eyes
and about your head.

The length and breadth of galaxies
and the small crumbs
of cookies
in your pocket.

Why do you do that thing
with your hair?

There is nothing
like the deep tureen of your glance

...and nothing
like your little spider fingers
swatting at bugs
that sometimes fly in the window.

You are seen as a wall
— quite amusing,
given what you are
in secret.

And that is,
buttery coffee,
lemonade,
wine.

A kettle on the stove
like a blue star in halo.

Your lovely but singular old book
from a semi-clandestine shoppe
down the street.

In a Paisley bag.